

# THE COLUMN

by  
Ed  
BELL

After four Columns, some of which have been mildly controversial, perhaps it would be a good idea to make an explanation of the subject matter of The Column and the way in which it is treated. The best way to arouse interest is to state views which disagree with those of the reader. In this way, people are brought to think of the reason why my views are wrong. If The Column succeeds in making people think . . . even argue . . . then it will have achieved its goal. Please do not interpret this to mean that the subject matter of this column is to be solely critical and controversial. Nor does the Column intend to "pick on" any individual or group simply for the sake of sensationalism. The object is to stimulate interest and to provide lively reading material. If, by accident and/or my own ignorance, somebody should be offended; The Brunswickan will gladly express your own views in the form of a letter to the Editor.

Enough by the way of explanation . . . now on to more interesting ground. After making our co-eds reluctant even to think about going out to The Flame, they think that the story of the average Freshman at UNB should be told. Perhaps I should make his story exaggerated enough to include all the extreme cases of male student behaviour (and misbehaviour) up the hill. It is much harder to pick a representative character from about fourteen hundred fellows than it is to distinguish a few isolated cases of the Freshette Complex among three hundred girls . . . especially since Mr. Crozier of Jones House thinks I spend more time concerned about the Maggie Jean than I should . . . neglecting a thorough study of Jones House. When Jones House acquires what the Maggie Jean has to offer . . . I'll be living there.

At any rate, on with the story of Freddie the Freshman. I now apologize to every Freshman named Fred . . . avoiding the rather uncomfortable experience of again meeting a Freshette named Sally. And fortunately, very few of our Freshmen are like Freddie. Not that Freddie is all bad . . . he has not yet learned to channel his energies into worthwhile channels.

Freddie begins his life at UNB by making a night-long train trip from Montreal to Fredericton. On the train he sees many nice-looking girls bound for the same destination (that is . . . while he is still in a condition where he can see anything). The sight of these lovely creatures excites Freddie with delusions of grandeur. His befogged mind picture life at UNB as a gay round of bacchanal social life with a limitless supply of females. Poor Freddie, he thinks that the fabulous life he used to brag about to his friends in his home city is about to be supplanted with a life that will be gayer than ever . . . as long as daddy's money lasts.

Freddie begins his life at UNB proper by assuming what he thinks is a new and improved personality. The boy who had kissed momma good-bye forty-eight hours ago is now a man of the world, experienced in the ways of women (no longer girls) and a superb judge of good liquor (no longer stolen from his daddy's liquor cabinet). He is rather startled to discover so many other men (as he now terms himself) on the campus, but "puts on the dog" even a little more to combat this fact. Hooray . . . he gets a date with a Freshette . . . not just any Freshette either, but one of the better looking ones (one of the many in my opinion). After having spent three days bragging about his approaching date . . . it arrives. He spends two hours describing his prowess and good qualities in no uncertain terms. Then he is bewildered and hurt to find that he is getting a "cold shoulder" from the girl. Why, this is not the way that an experienced man of the world should be treated!

So Freddie immediately brands the young lady as one of the psychological type that have been discussed so fully in the last week or so. The fact that it might be he who is conceived never enters his mind. The solution to his problem . . . return a hurt for a hurt. This is the stage where the true petty nature of Freddie comes into force. Clipping the story of Sally Freshette from the college newspaper, he encloses it with a poison-pen note and sends it anonymously to the one who has spurned him.

All is now well, Freddie's pride is appeased . . . but his popularity is falling. What will happen now? Will Freddie wake up and start to be a good guy, much to the relief of the people in his own place of abode? Will his childish conceit be replaced by reason and common sense? Whatever happens to Freddie, he is sure to be constantly reminded that UNB is still a pretty small place and that there can be few secrets and undiscovered deceptions.

## Seniors: Woodrow Wilson Scholarships

Princeton, N.J. — An election campaign promising rich rewards for the successful candidates gets under way today as thousands of faculty members from universities and colleges in the United States and Canada begin to nominate college seniors for Woodrow Wilson graduate fellowships.

In announcing the opening of the competition for the academic year 1961-62, Dr. Hugh Taylor, President of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation, estimated that well over 9,000 students will be nominated by the closing date of October 31.

Designed to reduce a nationwide shortage of qualified college teachers, the program annually awards 1000 fellowships for first year graduate study at any university of the recipient's choice in the United States or Canada. Candidates are elected only after rigorous screening and personal interviews by one of fifteen regional committees of educators. Each elected fellow receives a \$1500 stipend for living expenses plus full tuition and family allowances.

The program is open to college graduates mainly in the humanities and social sciences. Both men and women are eligible, and there is no limit on the age of the candidate or on the number of years he may have been out of college. Those who receive awards are not asked to commit themselves to college teaching, but merely to "consider it seriously" as a possible career.

The program, designed to encourage college seniors of outstanding ability to study for advanced degrees with faculty jobs as their goal, is administered by the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Foundation under a \$24,500,000 five year grant from the Ford Foundation.

Dr. Hans Rosenhaupt, National Director of the Wilson Fellowship Foundation, in an analysis of the past years' activities, reported that the highly selected grants have been awarded to graduates from 560 different colleges. This is convincing proof that many colleges throughout the country, not only the few well-known ones, offer high quality education. He estimated the annual need for new college teachers at 30,000 a year for the next ten years.

The Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation does not accept applications directly from students. Every candidate for the award must be nominated by a faculty member. Nominated students are invited to declare themselves active candidates for the award by sending the necessary application forms to the chairman of the selection committee for the region in which the prospective candidate is now located. A list of the fifteen regions and the

## The Pipefitters' Blueprint

with Bob Gauthier

### News for the Engineers

Glad to see you poke your nose into the blueprint again. Work is steadily piling up . . . still . . . let's try to get the Engineers rolling in intramural athletics . . . we have a strong crew and many of the sports should be pushovers. In fact, according to "Sobaco" Isaacs, all-star water polo defenseman, the Engineers should walk away with the honors. Many thanks go out to Mr. Isaacs for his useful comments. Among other sports on campus tennis has its share of supporters. Several of our fellow Engineers have been working out regularly. It warms the heart to see them give up the "Giggle Juice" so early in the year.

We see where Mr. Sherrard is very fortunate in that he has two foremen around him as he works on his car . . . What say Pauler and Al?

For you Civils who may be interested in formwork . . . the new residences being built on campus have a relatively new type of formwork on their foundations. Interlocking steel plates are being used, and it's a chance to hear some choice language as the carpenters try to install them. Apparently, these plates are very practical for walls having a minimum of checks in them . . . however, the new building is of another type.

Trav Buskard looking healthier than ever as he returns to the grindstone after a good summer in Montreal . . . Sober yet? One conscientious Engineering Prof seen cleaning up the campus with a Range Pole today. Good luck T. D.

Latest word has it that 4th and 5th year Civils have declared it a draw in the contest "Confuse your Prof! Confuse your Buddy! and Confuse yourself" . . . a contest which originated at UNB this year in which you try to see how many times you can have a Prof give the right lecture to the wrong class.

Items of interest should be dropped in the box located in the lobby of the Engineering Building.

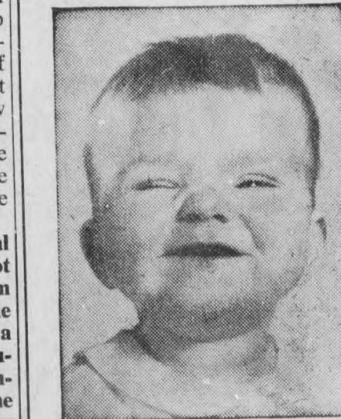
#### HELP SOLVE

Continued from page 1

4. Make every stop a panic stop—lock the brakes.
5. Ignore recommended tire pressures.
6. Slam over pot-holes, rocks

- and curbs. Don't miss any.
7. Never rotate the tires.
8. Maintain wheels unbalanced or misaligned.
9. Spin wheels whenever possible on gravel, in mud or snow.

Careful attention to these nine points will yield big dividends in shortened mileage, increased gas and oil consumption and rapid deterioration of brakes, front-end, transmission and other parts of the car. Lengthening car and tire life by anywhere from 20% to 50%, thus saving dollars and grief, is no way for motorists to keep the employment picture bright.



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...And I'm going to buy it at

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